

Hearts Courageous

HALLIE
By ERMINIE
RIVES

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The newcomer strode to the steps with assurance and touched Anne's fingers with his lips. "Still so cold, so far away? Still cherishing a frown for me?"

"I looked not to see you, Captain Jarrat."

"I am but just returned from London."

"On the Two Sisters?"

"Aye," he answered, with a slumbering flush on his face. "The moth returns to the lamp. A pretty conceit, is it not?"

She moved her shoulders with a gesture of impatience.

"Why am I doomed to be ever in your bad graces, Mistress Tillotson? Oh, 'tis true. I would it were not!"

"Twas so in Williamsburg. Had you a smile for me? 'Twas when I went. Well, I return to the frown."

"I have naught else for you. I have told you so."

"And yet," he said constrainedly, "for another kind of look from you I would forget all else. I would change all, risk all. Can I never win aught from such a love as mine? Will you never tell me how to change myself for you? Shall I go always wanting? A fierce and unhappy passion was written in his face."

She turned from him coldly. "I beg you will not recur to that, captain," she said. "My answer was my answer. I can never give you more."

He touched his breast, drawing his hand across the gold shavings of his coat. "Is it this? Do you frown upon his majesty's uniform? I swear I would I were a White!"

"A Tory before a turncoat," she answered him.

Jarrat shut his teeth like a trap. Then without reply he bowed to her and strode toward the ship. Betsy turning her horse, saw only his vanishing figure. Anne's face a flush red of anger and her eyes gleaming like blue ice.

"Why," exclaimed she in surprise, "t'was Captain Jarrat!"

"I wish," said Anne, with temper, giving Betsy's horse a slap that made him dance and eddied round a curdling scream from its rider—"I wish Captain Jarrat was in Guinea!"

As Jarrat stepped on to the deck the gateway was thrown down for the herded human cattle that had thronged the lower deck. Sixty odd, they came trooping out to where the factors were gathered, and the ship's agent at once began the bidding by offering a convict south bound for seven years and allowed only diet and lodging, who, he declared, made great diversion by singing and whistling, besides being rare at iron work.

The sale proceeded rapidly, for bond servants were in demand and the lot was above an average one. They stood for inspection eagerly or stolidly, as their faces promised, some sullen eyed, some smirking. The women were offered last. But few remained when the agent beckoned to the swarthy skinned woman whose babe had died during the voyage, and she came forward timidly, turning her sallow-black Italian eyes upon the crowd in misunderstanding and covering dread. Her hair and the red olive of her skin made a curious contrast to the light complexions of the other women.

Burnaby Rolph, who had purchased two laborers, looked her over with satisfaction.

"A likely wench," he gulped. "Twenty pounds is enough, I doubt not, since she is foreign. I take her. Put that down to my reckoning, Master Clarkson."

"Four things," said Anne. "I would I were a man. That brute should never have her!" She looked up and felt the young Frenchman's eyes full upon her. He had clearly overheard.

"You belong to him now," said the agent to the woman, pointing to Rolph. "Try to understand!"

She gazed into Rolph's face and shrinking about the circle. Then, with a sudden cry, doubling like an animal, she dodged between the knots of spectators and threw herself at Armand's feet.

Rolph's curse was lost in a great laugh which rose from the factors, and Anne's face stung red at a coarse remark from one of them.

M. Armand did not seem mollified. He stooped and lifted the cowering woman to her feet as Rolph approached, his lean eyes winking.

"My wench seems to have an uncommon fancy," the latter sneered. "Call me, why did you not buy her?"

"Will you sell her to me?"

The latter looked at the secretary's dress and glowered at the meriment of the onlookers.

"No," he blurted.

Armand smiled with suavity. "Perhaps it would please you to game with me for her? In my country, gentlemen," he remarked to those around, "we are overfond of the dice table. As for me, I could never resist to woo the hazard of fortune. Mayhap, however, here you are less adventurous, more cautious, monsieur, or, as those who, having little, hesitate to risk."

Rolph grunted at this airy thrust and gnawed his lip. His estate of Bentcliff was the largest on all the James, and this, it was said, he had won in the

palace in Williamsburg fifteen years before in a wild night of play with Governor Fauquier's gambling crew.

"I will lay against her," added Armand, "double the amount she cost you. And a toss of a coin shall decide."

The factors gasped and stood looking the speaker over. Rolph stared in instant, then: "Done! Leave the indenture open, Master Clarkson, and bring it here."

A wager in Virginia never failed to provoke interest, whether it was for a puff of spurs or a pipe of canary, and now all were listening eagerly. The two girls, from their positions, could see without difficulty over the intervening heads.

"Let us go farther away," said Anne. But Betsy was of a different mind.

"No, no," she protested. "They are going to toss. I wouldn't miss it now for anything. He is French, Anne. I can tell it by the accent."

Rolph called and threw the gold coin he had drawn from his pocket with a flourish. "The king's head!" rose a score of voices as it fell. "Mr. Rolph wins."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Betsy in great vexation.

"I really believe," said Anne, with heat, "that you want that man to win."

"Weren't you just now wishing you were a man so Mr. Rolph shouldn't?" retorted Betsy.

M. Armand had drawn forth a wallet from his pocket and lifted out the sum. "Fortune beaus upon you, monsieur," he smiled. "I was ever unlucky of a Wednesday. Shall we have one more throw? And double or quits mayhap, monsieur? Unless you deem the stake overlight?"

"High!" said Rolph, with a growl. "Double or quits it is. Eighty pounds against your lost forty, and the wench. But, mind you, this one throw ends it. Do you hear?"

(To Be Continued.)

A man's last will and testament is a dead giveaway.

Drudgery

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One way colonist tickets will be sold from Memphis, on Sept. 20th, October 4th and 18th, to Texas points at rate of \$8.50.

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The territory to which above rates apply includes Dallas, Ft. Worth, Waco, Amarilla, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Corpus Christi and intermediate points. Round trip tickets permit stop overs either way, 21 days' return limit.

For full particulars and Texas map, literature, time tables, etc., write to W. C. PEELER, D. P. A., 307 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.

DOCTORS NAMED

COMMITTEE WILL NOW PROCEED TO SELECT HOSPITAL NAME.

President Charles Reed today appointed Drs. D. G. Murrell and P. H. Stewart two of the members of the committee to select a name for the new city hospital, and President Ed Hannan, of the board of councilmen, appointed Drs. J. G. Brooks and Frank Boyd.

These, together with President Reed and Hannan and Chairmen of the Hospital Committee Ormo and Watson and Mayor Yeiser, compose the committee that will select the name of the hospital.

It seems from some of the doctors that they are opposed to naming the hospital after any man, owing to the fact that so many prominent doctors in the past did a great deal for the city, and a great deal to get a new hospital, and the hospital cannot be named after all of them.

One of the doctors said he was for naming it "The Riverview," or "The Riverside," hospital.

AT OBION

THE POSTOFFICE WAS ROBBED LAST EVENING SOMETIME.

Sheriff Lee Potter today received a long distance telephone message from Obion, Tenn., stating that the post office there was broken into last night, the safe blown, and \$250 in money and other things stolen.

There is no clue to the identity of the thieves, but they are supposed to have been "yeggmen," and may have come this way. Close watch is being kept there for all suspicious characters.

Officers were telephoned here for bloodhounds, but there are none here.

W. C. T. U. MEETING.

The W. C. T. U. will meet Thursday afternoon promptly at 3 o'clock in the Sunday school room of the First Baptist church to transact business of importance, and every member is urged to be present.

BIG DEMOCRAT BOLTS

Robert Treat Paine, Jr., of Boston, Twice His Party's Nominee For Governor.

Will Vote For President Roosevelt Because of His Consistency and Fairness.

Robert Treat Paine, Jr., who has twice been the Democratic nominee for governor of Massachusetts, has announced his intention to bolt the Democratic party. The only ground which he announces for his bolt at present is the negro question, although he says that he may have something further to say later on. In a signed statement Mr. Paine says:

"I am going to vote for Roosevelt. I am a democrat enough still to feel that I want the president of this country to be a democrat enough to meet any man whose character deserves it at any function. I have myself dined with Booker Washington and would consider it a privilege again to do so.

"Does not this dilemma face Mr. Parker: If elected president, and if there were in Washington a gathering of the most eminent educators in this country, among whom Booker Washington would be inevitably classed, and the president wished naturally enough to show due recognition and honor to this gathering and invited them to the White House, would he bar Booker Washington? Would he discriminate against him because of race or color? Would he have a Jim Crow pantry behind the house to which Booker Washington might be shunted off?

"On the other hand, if Parker as president should ask Booker Washington to the White House would not the whole south again raise the cry that they had been bunked in their candidate? This is only one of my reasons for desiring to vote for President Roosevelt; but, coming of abolition stock and being under and bred Republican, this aspect of the case does have much weight with me, I confess."

THE PROMOTER OF PEACE.

President Entitled to Thanks of All Europe.

[From the South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.] Here is a gentleman who knows what he is talking about, and he is outspoken and emphatic in his laudation of President Roosevelt as a promoter of international peace. Baron d'Estournelles de France was foremost in the movement which led to the Anglo-French treaty, thus assuring a permanent good understanding between two powers that had been for generations more or less at odds. The baron expected to attend the international peace congress in Boston next month, but now finds himself unable to do so, owing to the approaching elections in France. In writing to explain his inability to be present and expressing regret at his detention the baron says:

"I had hoped at Boston to recognize publicly the grand and decisive services rendered to the cause of international arbitration by the United States, and particularly by President Roosevelt. Better than any one I know that the court of The Hague stood deserted, abandoned and ridiculed until the day when he had the courage, generosity and foresight to save it. This act alone has entitled him to the thanks for his pacific and liberal spirit of all Europe."

This statement is rather confusing to the Democrats, who are picturing the president as breathing threatening and slaughter and inviting trouble in every direction. And, what is more, it is the truth, while the Democratic attacks are mere partisan misrepresentation.

"Shoes, Shirts and Self Government."

[From the New York Sun.] The Hon. George F. Parker, chief of literary department, is issuing the Democratic campaign text book on the installment plan. The installment "released" today contains various matter about the Philippines. For example:

"The wants of the average native are few. He consumes no malt or distilled liquors, eats but little meat, his diet consisting chiefly of rice and fish. His clothing, while sufficient for decency, is scant, consisting of pantaloons, an undershirt and a combination of shirt and coat worn outside of the pantaloons and a hat made of native grass. The ordinary Filipino goes barefooted."

There must be some "battle cry" here, but we can't hear it. Is it "Beer and independence for the Philippines?" or "Shoes, shirts and self government for the Philippines?" Is "a combination of shirt and coat" forbidden by the Sherman antitrust law?

Some mysterious "campaign material" lies in the apparently harmless assertion that since 1641 "there has been an average of at least one destructive earthquake every twenty years." Mr. Parker ought to prove that imperialism has increased the number of earthquakes.

Page 212 teaches us that "as the American army was withdrawn the sale of malt liquors decreased." Is this an attack on the army or the Filipinos or beer?

Mr. Parker might have "released" this installment earlier. It is not violent.

A Good Enemy.

[From the New York Mail.] If Bourke Cockran is busy cooking up some more of the broth that he fed to Vermonters, more power to his elbow!



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We Are Ready Now to Show You All the New Styles in Fall Clothing.

In variety of handsome patterns; in observance of the new styles; in the fit; in the quality; in the close attention to the details,—the threads, buttons, linings, etc., our Clothings excels the products of the best tailors.

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It is a trite and true saying that the "blood is the life." Now where does the blood come from? Everybody knows, or should know, that it comes from the nutritive elements extracted by the stomach from the food we eat. If the digestive organs do not perform their functions by reason of disease germs, there is no nutrition extracted, and the food might better be thrown in the dump to decay and breed germs in the open air than to remain in the stomach and become a rotten, putrid mass, as it naturally does if there is no digestion. No disease germ can live and find lodgment in a human body that uses the Shoffner's Sure Cure. Price \$1.00.

What People Say of the Shoffner's Sure Cure.

PADUCAH, Ky., March 5, 1903. To Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that I was a sufferer with indigestion for five years and could get no relief until I bought one bottle of Shoffner's Sure Cure, and it helped me so much that I took six bottles—and I have cured me sound and well, thanks to the Shoffner's Sure Cure.

MRS. JOHN SMEDLEY, 806 S. Third St.

This is to certify that I believe the Shoffner's Sure Cure saved my life. I was not able to sit up in bed when I began taking the remedy. I had such a severe cough I thought I had consumption. Physicians had given me up to die. After taking one bottle I was able to sit up some. After using five bottles I was fully restored to health. I cannot say enough in favor of this wonderful remedy for indigestion.

MRS. SUE GRAHAM, Moscow, Ky.

If after using one bottle according to directions you are not benefited, your money will be refunded.

SHOFFNER-HAYES MEDICINE COMPANY

INCORPORATED PADUCAH, KENTUCKY

For Sale by All Druggists.

NEWS OF THE RIVERS.

The Henry De Bus will have her name changed to J. T. Hatfield.

Guage today 2.4 a fall of two-tenths. Cloudy with showers and cooler.

The Henry Harley left at 8 a. m. today for Cairo with a good trip.

The Charleston left last night for Tennessee river with a good trip.

The Clyde is getting a good trip for Tennessee river tonight. She leaves at 6 p. m.

The Tennessee is due from Tennessee river tonight or tomorrow.

The Royal arrived from Golconda today and left again this afternoon.

The Bob Dudley is due from Evansville.

Rivermen at Pittsburg are hopeful of a good rise in the river this month. Rises generally come in October, and navigation remains good throughout

TOILET SOAP

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